BOMBAY GAZETTE

VOLUME XXV.] WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1814. [NUMBER 1261.

BOMBAY CIVIL FUND.

Advertisement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT in consequence of a sufficient number of subscribers not having assembled to constitute a Meeting; the special General Meeting, which was fixed to be held on Monday last, is postponed to Friday next, the 5th Instant; when it is particularly requested, that the Subscribers will attend at the Chief Secretary's Office at 11 o'Clock.

J. FARISH,
Sec. to the Fund.

BOMBAY,
Civil Fund Office;
3d August 1814.

Advertisement.

MESSRS FORBES & Co. beg to acquaint their Friends and the Public that the Interest of Mr. MICHIE FORBES in their Firm, ceased on the 31st ultimo.

Bombay, 3d August 1814.

Boyce, Kempt and Co.
WILL THIS DAY SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
At their Rooms.
A Number of Books and Pamphlets remaining from last Saturday's sale and sundry other articles.

Bombay, 3d August 1814.

NEW CHARTER.
FOR SALE,
AT THE
GAZETTE OFFICE,
A few remaining Copies
OF THE
Company's New Charter.
PRICE; 7 RUPEES EACH.

NAUTICAL CHRONICLE, AND NAVAL REPORT.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVED.—27th Ship Cornwallis Captain Rober Graham, from Mauritius and Bourbon.—Ditto 30th Ship Java Captain Henry Templer, from England.—Ditto. 31st His Majesty's Ship Malacca D. H. Mackay Esq. Captain from Madras.

SAILED.—29th Ship Khabras Captain F. E. Gregory, to Bengal.—Ditto. Ditto. The H. C. Cruizer Prince of Wales Lieutenant C. J. Maillard to Bussora.—Ditto Ditto. Ship Alexander Captain Wm. Harris, to Madras and Bengal.—Ditto. 1st Ship Gungava Captain J. Blayd to Madras.

BIRTH.—At Surat on the 18th ultimo Mr. Carnegie the Wife of D. Carnegie Esq. Superintending Surgeon of a Son.

The Gazette.

BOMBAY, AUGUST 3, 1814.

THE intelligence we had, on Monday, the pleasure of communicating to our readers, and which we again give, in an official form, is such as must gladden the heart of every one, for, tho' it was to be expected that the Bourbons would be restored, it was also to be apprehended that more of human blood would be spilt and lavished ere the Tyrant would submit.

"On the evening of the 15th of July a Ship appeared in sight of Cochin from the Northward, and at day light the following morning was seen standing to the Westward; she proved a long low Ship under her courses and topgallant sails and her bow sprit steaves very much—her sides were painted yellow with a broad black streak above, which made her appear as if she was flushed decked; she has short top gallant masts"—we have little doubt that this vessel was an Arab ship which sailed from this port about a month ago, with Lt. Sale of the Madras establishment on board who intended, if practicable to land at Quilon or Cochin.

We have given, to day, an interesting paper, taken from the National Intelligencer, published in America, which, at once, shews the great importance of Quebec and the River St. Lawrence, and the extreme vanity of the Yankee character.

To those who watch the progress of the arts the address, we have published, said to have been delivered by the venerable President of the Royal Society to its students will be doubtless interesting. It is a species of hoax, but nevertheless by so many persons believed to be genuine, from the truth of its observations we suppose, that Sir Benjamin West considered it as imperative on him, formally, to disavow the production.—

It is impossible for any man, or set of men, to feel more sincere attachment to the established Church of England than we do, but while we admire its excellencies we are not insensible of its faults—These observations are excited by the perusal of a letter, to be found in our subsequent columns, which has again renewed our regret at the inefficient manner in which its service is performed. We feel a sort of natural antipathy to that class of men of which the writer appears to be, and therefore we lament he should be able to gloss over selfish and sordid actions with the specious pretence of promoting the public good, but that he is promoting it we are clearly of opinion, since to compel residency, as he is doing, in Parish Priests is, as we decidedly think, vitally to benefit the people of England.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR,

Your Paper of July the 20th contains a laudable proposition from Civilis for the institution of a Military fund, towards the accomplishment of which the sums that might be subscribed for the purpose of erecting a statue to the honor of the Marquis of Wellington might be appropriated to the foundation of a fund for the benefit of the Widow and the fatherless.

The humanity that dictated this idea in Civilis cannot be too much admired and he must feel a pleasing consciousness in having suggested so beneficent a subject; every feeling heart will justly appreciate his motives and render up their meed of applause. Should the business be followed up with that spirit and liberality which so conspicuously distinguishes the people here the institution will be productive of incalculable benefit and good to every branch of the service. My Uncle Toby in this admirable effort to assist the distressed has trodden close on the heels of Civilis but he seems to have an idea that obstacles will ensue ere the society can be formed; his letter contains no hints relative to the measures to be pursued in the commencement of the business or during its infancy or towards its final completion; let us hope that now the subject has been publicly discused and appears to have been received with very general approbation, that those Gentlemen who have already shown how willing and capable they are of rendering service to their fellow creatures fulfilling the idea of Cato. "While yet I live, let me not live in vain" may successfully persevere in this beneficial plan, and that other humane characters who are favored with the means and have the ability in their power may lend a helping hand in this praiseworthy undertaking. Were I capable of aiding it on its progress none would be more willing; I have long lamented the absence of such an establishment that with great truth may be said to be "a private blessing and a public good."

The success which has attended our Brethren in a similar Institution at Calcutta and Madrass shows us that the first setting out is the only difficulty; and that we may augur a prosperous issue if we persevere with industry and good will, and that this very desirable oject may be attained at no very distant period of time. It only now rests with the humane, the active and the liberal minded to assist in the forwarding and arranging the different plans necessary to fix the Institution on a firm basis, & (with the approbation of the Hon'ble Government) much might soon be permanently arranged.—Towards expediting and illustrating the proposition, in my next I will submit some of the leading regulations and principle articles upon which the Bengal Military fund is founded and tho' that Society is very flourishing perhaps some of their rules may be revised for the better.

Your Obedient Servant,
Sunday, 31st July. J. B. S.

BOMBAY COURIER EXTRAORDINARY.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1st 1814.

The Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council, is pleased to publish the following copy of a dispatch from the Assistant Resident at Bussora, to the Chief Secretary to the Government at Fort St. George, dated the 20th of June, conveying the Intelligence of a general Peace and of the restoration of the Bourbons to the Throne of France.

Extract from a letter from the Assistant Resident at Bussora, dated the 20th of June 1814, *to the Chief Secretary to Government at Fort St. George.*

I have the honor to enclose some Extracts from Letters from His Majesty's Consul General at Constantinople, containing the splendid and important intelligence of the abdication of Buonaparté, the Proclamation of the Bourbons, and the re-establishment of Peace in Europe, on which I beg leave to offer my respectful congratulations.

Extracts of a Letter from His Majesty's Consul General at Constantinople, dated 14th May 1814.

"By Guench Achmed Tartar, whom I dispatched the 7th instant at noon, I had the pleasure to inform you of Buonaparté's having been deposed by the French Senate, I have now the extreme satisfaction to confirm that Intelligence, and to add, that he has abdicated the Throne, and accepted the offer made to him to retire on the Island of Elba with the annual allowance of two Millions of Livres. The Bourbon Family have been recalled, and Louis XVIII proclaimed of course; Peace is happily restored, upon which I sincerely congratulate you. This joyful Intelligence it will of course be expedient to communicate to the Hon'ble Governments in India in the most expeditious manner possible.

I have pleasure to add that King Ferdinand VII, having been released from his long confinement in France, was safe arrived in Spain.

18th, A Courier is arrived from Paris with orders from the Senate to the French Ambassador Andreossi to hoist the white Flag. Louis the XVIII was daily expected from England. In the mean time the Compte d'Artois was arrived and received with loud, and unanimous acclamations of *Vive les Bourbons, Vive Louis XVIII.*

Venice has surrendered to the Austrian Army.

True Extract,
(Signed) G. COLQUHOUN, *Assistant in Charge.*
True Copies,
G. STRACHEY, *Chief Sec.*
True Copies
F. WARDEN, *Chief Sec to Govt.*

By Order of the Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council,
BOMBAY CASTLE,
1ST AUGUST 1814.
F. WARDEN,
Chief Sec. to Govt.

A Royal Salute has been fired on the occasion.

JAVA GOVERNMENT GAZETTE June, 4,

When the ship Adele, which arrived here on the 31st ultimo, on her passage from Pulo Penang to this port, was about to put into Pontiana Roads, she observed a ship lying there at anchor, which the Commander supposed to be the Eugenia, from Bengal.—He soon, however, discovered his fatal mistake; the strange Vessel proved to be the American Privateer Jacob Jones, Captain John Robbarts, from Beston in January last—she sailed in company with two other Privateers, a Ship and a three masted Schooner, which are also understood to be cruizing in these Seas.

The Commander of the Privateer took 40 chests of Opium, and some Piece Goods out of the Adele, but did not molest any other part of her cargo.—He then delivered her up to Captain Smith, on condition of his remaining 48 hours at anchor in Pontiana Roads after the departure of the Privateer.

Captain Smith describes the Vessel as follows:—

Measuring 550 tons, pierced for 20 guns, only 16 mounted, long nines and twelves—painted black, with one white streak—carries fidded royal masts—her light sails all made of Russia Duck—her mizen mast appears to stand very close to her main mast. She had made no capture previous to her falling in with the Adele.

As far as Captain Smith could learn on board the Privateer, she was to cruize in these Seas 30 or 40 days longer, then go to Manilla for supplies, and afterwards return to America.

The Commander of the Privateer describes the war as extremely unpopular in that country—So much so that it was expected a separation would take place among the States, if peace was not soon concluded.

We are happy to inform our Readers that we understand the object of the expedition against Bali has been fully attained, without resorting to hostilities, the Rajah having confessed all his crimes and thrown himself completely on the mercy and generosity of the British nation, placing two hostages in the hands of Government as a security for his future good conduct—We understand that his submission has been accepted, and that the powerful force the sight only of which has impressed him with due respect for the British nation, has left the Island of Bali—a part of it, the 78th Regt. has since arrived at Batavia,, and a further proportion is supposed to have sailed to the Eastward.

English Extracts.

We have again and again delivered what we believe to be the judgment of all the calm observers of passing events, and of all that part of the people who are the rational friends of freedom, justice and humanity. No considerate man can wish for the triumph of BUONAPARTE or for the maintainance of the power which he has so scandalously abused.

The eloquent description which LIVY has given of the character of HANNIBAL, applies with singular felicity to that of BUONAPARTE:

"He possessed the highest enterprise in attempting dangers, and evinced the highest capacity in his conduct under them: no degree of labour could either fatigue his body or overcome his mind. He was capable of enduring heat and cold with equal fortitude. His meals were limited by the appetites of nature, and not by the cravings of indulgence. His hours of sleep and of watching were not divided by any distinction of day or of night. The time which he gave to repose was only the remnant of what was left after business. That repose was neither encouraged by the softness of his couch nor the silence of his chamber. He has been seen by numbers, covered only with his military cloak, lying on the ground amongst the outposts and piquets. There was nothing in his dress distinguishable from that of his equals; the points by which he attracted notice were the superiority of his accoutrements and his horses. He was, by far, the most expert of his time, in every species of military exercise. He was the first to enter, and the last to quit the engagement. The virtues of this extraordinary person were counterbalanced by the most atrocious vices. His cruelty was inhuman, his treachery more than punic; devoid of every principal of sincerity and honour, he entertained neither veneration for the gods, nor respect for the obligation of oaths, nor reverence for religion."

To wish that such a man should be able to resume and perpetuate his tyranny, would be to desire the example to be crowned with success of the most atrocious treachery, ingratitude, and despotism; but on the other hand, to desire that the coalesced Soveriegns should *dictate* to the French the form of Government which they shall adopt, is to justify the vicious principle of all BUONAPARTE's aggressions, and to hold up, by a confederacy of Potentates, the terrible doctrine that no people shall be permitted to regulate their own affairs; or to provide for their own happiness. The precedents would both be abhorrent from English feelings, and however clamorous the party who thrive by war may now be for pushing the last of these alternatives to its extremity, in hopes that thereby the French may be roused to resistance, and the contest be continued, the sober judgment of England would revolt from the idea, and the Minister who should act upon it would be the execration of posterity.

After the fall of Pamplona, Buonaparté, it appears, wrote a letter to Soult, accusing him of not doing his utmost to prevent the fall of that fortress. The answer to this charge fell into the hands of Lord Wellington and was by him transmitted to Ministers. It is extremely curious. After repelling the charge of not exerting himself to the utmost, he says, "besides, Sir, the French troops are not what "they were; they have not the *elan* (the spring) "which they possessed during the days of the Republic." This most just and severe reproof to Buonaparté never reached him; but certain it is that this contains the secret of all his triumphs and of all his reverses.

Miss Edgeworth, the celebrated novelist, is on a holiday visit to Mr. Curwen, of Workington Hall, in Cumberland, from whence she is expected soon to launch a new romance, which has been some time on the stocks.

On the 19th January his Majesty's High Court of Delegates affirmed the Judgment of the Consistorial Court declaring that John Dalrymple, Esq. and Joanna Gordon were married persons, and subjected him in all the costs. The Gentleman is the presumptive heir of the Earldom of Stair, who notwithstanding his engagement to Miss Gordon, contracted in Scotland, according to the law of that country, married Miss Manners' sister to the Dutchess of St. Albanss, which last marriage is consequently declared to be void. [*Morning Chronicle.*]

OLD BAILEY.

SATURDAY, 19TH FABRUARY.

William Sturman was arraigned at the bar, charged with wilfully setting fire to his house in Half Moon-street, Piccadilly, with an intent to defraud the Globe Insurance Company of 3,000l. and upwards. He was likewise charged on two other counts, for wilfully setting fire to the premises with an intent to defraud others.

Mary Wright, the prisoner's servant, deposed, that she had only lived with him about eight days previous to the fire taking place on the 11th of January. A model of the whole house was then exhibited to her; and having explained the various situations of the

premises, she then stated, that on the above day she was informed by her master that he and her mistress, with their child, intended going out to dine, and that she might also go out, but to take care and return at half past eight o'clock. She accordingly went out a little after four, leaving a lamp burning on the side-board in the hall. The fire was carefully put out, and she fastened up every window and door. On her return home, to her great surprize, on opening the outer door, she saw the door post of the back drawing-room in flames, and, on the outside of another parlour door, there were placed band-boxes, brought down from Mr. Sturman's room, in which were contained a quantity of wood and paper. There were also similar combustibles placed on the floor of the front parlour close to a partition; also a quantity of stockings & other articles thrown upon the stairs, as well as a quantity of rags, which smelt of turpentine. There was a large fire burning in the grate of the front parlour, with two large pokers heating in it. The lamp which she had placed in the hall was taken into the wash-house. She left the curtains in the front parlour up, but, on her return, they had been let down. The windows in her master's room were fastened, as well as the shutters, but, on her return, she discovered the window open and the shutters still fastened. She immediately alarmed the adjoining neighbours, when a servant of Capt. Kempster's instantly ran in, and, with another person, after some little time, extinguished the flames, which had made but small progress. A favourite canary bird and cage was gone, which was the only article that was missing. During her short servitude, a number of applications were made to the prisoner for money, which were generally put off to a future day. Her master and mistress came home about half past nine o'clock, when, on their being apprized of what had happened, neither of them appeared to be agitated as might have been naturally expected, from such an accident having occurred.

John Le Boy deposed, that on the evening alluded to, he was alarmed by the cries of the last witness calling fire, on which he immediately ran to her assistance, and was enabled with another to extinguish the flames. At the time Mr. Sturman and his wife returned, on the prisoner being informed that his desk was broke open, he replied that he was a ruined man, but by no means expressed himself in an agitated manner.

Mr. Denheim, belonging to the Globe Insurance Office, deposed, that he called on the prisoner on the following day after the fire when the prisoner, after some length of time, with some degree of difficulty answered the various questions put to him; and on asking him particularly in regard to some turpentine having been in the house, Surman told him that he believed there was some in stone bottles, which had been left by the painters who had recently painted some part of the house. The turpentine which was contained in the bottles was of the very same smell as that which the various combustibles had upon them. He then asked the prisoner as to the money which he said was in the book-case, and consited of bank-notes amounting to 600l. The prisoner appeared to be very much agitated when questioned with respect to the money.

Mrs. Martin, sister of the prisoner's wife, deposed that Sturman came to her house, near eight o'clock in the evening of the fire' where he remained for about half an hour, when he and his wife and child left her as she supposed for the purpose of going home.

James Reilly stated, that he was in the employ of Butler and Co carpet manufacturers, and that the prisoner came and purchased of them a quantity of goods, amounting to 67l. 12s. 5d. in part of which, he the prisoner paid 30l. leaving the remaining 37l. 12s. 5d. still unpaid, and for which they were under the necessity of arresting the prisoner.

A servant girl who had lived two years with the prisoner previous to the servitude of Mary Wright, deposed that during the whole of that period he had frequent applications for money, and he appeared to her to be a very distressed man.

Mr. Rennie, a surveyor, deposed, that at the request of Mr. Harmer, he appraised the goods on the premises of Sturman, and he estimated them to be of the value of 730l being a valuation fully adequate to the property.

The prisoner having declined to say any thing in his defence, Mr. Adolphus and Mr. Alley, his Counsel, proceeded to call a few witnesses to his character, after which the Learned Judge summed up the evidence, and the Jury, after retiring for a few minutes, returned a verdict of Guilty—Death. *Bell's Messen. Feb. 20.*

THE CI-DEVANT MRS. THORNTON OUT-RIVALLED.—In our report of the arrival of His Royal Highness the Prince regent at Belvoir castle, when the country people were confusedly vieing with each other who should be foremost in loyal respect, we omitted an anecdote of the equestrian performance of the agile wife of a tradesman, at Grantham, which is worthy of record. A numerous party of principal tenantry had drawn up at Denton, to escort the royal visitor to the castle, but, from the number of persons assembled, and the swiftness with which the Prince's carriage travelled, the ranks became disordered, some being unable to make play enough, whilst others dashed on before the carriage. Amongst the latter was the heroine in question, who, with the intrepidity of a commander of dragoons charging an enemy, dashed at every thing, and stood for no repairs. She was mounted on a fine skiecraping horse, full of mettle, with neck erect, and head in the air, whose speed was highly flattering to the Lady's desire of being among the first of the escort to the castle. A poor butcher, in the vale of Belvoir, also as desirous as any one to accompany the escort and to see the Illustrious visitor alight, was working away, arms, head and heels, at his rough galloway, not remarkable for speed, in the true jockey style, and too busily engaged to look behind him, when our heroine ran him down, steed and all, and the poor fellow and his steed were run over by several others in charge, but providentially without sustaining any injury except that of being lost to the cavalcade. The story of the Lady and the Butcher is the subject of much merriment in the north. The heroine was the first at the Castle.

(Morning Chronicle January 15th.)

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

Some lines appeared in your paper a few days ago upon the subject of Waltzing, with the initials of Sir H. E. affixed to them. They certainly contained heavy charges of impropriety against those Ladies who practise that dance—such as in the following lines:—

"What! the girl of my heart by another embrac'd?
"What! the balm of her lips shall another man taste?
"What! touch'd in the twirl by another man's knee?
"What! panting recline on another than me?"

After having allowed your paper to be the channel of such serious imputations you cannot in candour refuse admission to the following justificatory Address to the author of them:—

Shall *another* man touch! by *another* embrac'd!
Shall *another man* taste her lip's dew!!!
Why, it's only another that can be so grac'd;
For d—n it, she'd never let you.

REFLECTION ON THE LINES ABOUT THE WALTZ.

Sir H. E. thinks each waltzing Miss
From every partner takes a kiss:
Then O! how natural the whim
That makes them loath to dance with him.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S NEW WORK.

Miss Edgeworth always writes sensibly, and in an easy unaffected style; but her chief merit is, that her subject always illustrates some particular rule of life, and tends to animate exertion, to promote a love of independence, and to awaken the dormant energies of character and virtue.

The present work is intended to shew the folly and fatal effects of a total dependence upon the patronage of the great, unaided by industry or talent; and on the contrary, the self satisfaction and certain success attending on a steady pursuit and a constant reliance on our own efforts and merit. The former leading to degradation, contempt and poverty; the latter to honour, distinction and independence.

The principles inculcated by Miss Edgeworth in these volumes, are exemplified in the history of two families, the Percys and the Falconers, both pursuing the same object by different ways. But however well she may have conducted the events of her narrative to their natural consequences; and however excellent in themselves are the principles she maintains, we fear it must be acknowledged that there is but little hope, in these times, of her making any considerable impression in favour of her precepts; supposing even her book to be universally read. This is an age of dependence and patronage, and we see too many daily instances of their pernicious influence and success—and too many failures of honest industry and persevering talent, to deter many, by written rules and examples, from entering into that vortex of venality from whence none escapes with a clear conscience and an unblemished character. If, however, a work of this kind tends to confirm one man in his integrity, or cheers one individual in his laborious but upright way to fame, neither the object nor the reward of the author is lost.

It is a new, not to say a bold thought, to make a prime minister of England a principal figure in a novel. It is probable Miss Edgeworth's fair readers will scarcely be satisfied with Lord Oldborough's claims to be a hero, especially when they may have so many others, in the same page, more to their liking. It must at least be allowed that his lordship is a most prominent personage; and we think, by the rules of practical criticism (not inapplicable here) the hero of the piece. His character is aptly sustained throughout. He possesses all the heroic qualities save love, and that in his youth, before we are introduced to him, was not wanting. He is proud, haughty, noble-minded, and ambitious; with a requisite sprinkling of kindness, generosity, and condescension. He is severe and penetrating, and withal a complete man of business. We at first thought Mr. Pitt had sat for this portrait; but we afterwards changed our opinion, and fixed upon Lord Chatham, by whom we are inclined to abide, till the fair authoress, towards the close of the story, gave us reason to believe that Sir Robert Walpole was her original, and to him we at once restored the likeness. Whoever was her model, if indeed she had one, she has given us an animated picture of an unbending, stern, able statesman, and a subtle politician. For ourselves, we should have had much greater respect for his Lordship, had he been represented more inclined to defend, and to act upon the principles of the English Constitution; and less fond of intrigue and undue Parliamentary influence.

The lady, however, is right. The character, as she has drawn it, will be much more popular at the present day.

Miss Edgeworth has, we think, crowded her story with too many characters, several of whom are neither essential to the developement nor in themselves interesting. One is misplaced. Mr. Henry should certainly have made a figure in the same more proportionate to his dignity at the end of the piece. Commisssoner Falconer is an admirable delineation, and taken, doubtless, from life. He is a seeker after patronage, and a time-serving parasite, whose career, and whose fate might cure half a nation, were it possessed of the least shame of these vices. As a provider of husbands for her daughters, Mrs. Falconer may be matched in any country town or city in England; and the celebrated Mrs. Clarke is far before her as a procurer of court favours. But Mrs. Falconer, had, indeed, neither personal attractions nor a Royal patron.

ADMIRAL VILLENEUVE.

It will be recollected, that the unfortunate Admiral Villeneuve put an end to his existence at Rennes, where he had arrived on his way to Paris, after his exchange. Previous to his committing the act of suicide he addressed the subjoined letter to Buonaparté. To ensure ultimate publicity to its contents, he took the precaution of forwarding a number of copies of it to his friends in various parts of France, and particularly at the different naval arsenals;—

Rennes, April 26, 1806.

„ Sir—You must remember that when La Touche died at Toulon, I then commanded at Rochfort, and declined to succeed him. I was then well convinced that whoever headed or directed the adventurous and badly planned expedition of the combined French and Spanish fleets, would be disgraced as well as defeated, if misfortune spared his life, in an engagement almost unavoidable, with a foe accustomed to victory, and covering the seas of the world with her cruizers. These were my words, to the Minister of Marine, when I afterwards, so much against my inclination, sailed for Barcelona and Cadiz, and witnessed the manœuvring of the Spanish fleet. My first dispatch contained my resignation. It was again sent in from Martinique, Ferrol, and Cadiz.

"To the order of the 24th September last, of returning to Toulon with the combined fleets, I replied it should be obeyed, but again reminded the Minister of my former resignation, and my former apprehensions of the uncertainty of naval combats, and of my determination, whether successful or repulsed, of renouncing for ever a situation at variance with my principles, and which your *violent* and *cruel character*, above all, made me unfit to occupy. Neither faults nor want of valour brought on us the misfortune of *Trafalgar*. The cause has been fully proved in my official account of that battle. Why refuse it a place in the *Moniteur*, while the calumnies and aspersions of my rivals and foes have always been admitted in its dangerous columns? In the midst of your prosperous and ambitious career in Germany, when my report reached you, did you not say, with your usual petulance and cruelty. 'Ah! I see the example of a French Byng is absolutely necessary to make victory the order of the day in my navy?'

"A thousand foes have repeated this, your unfeeling expression. It was a sentence of death pronounced against a patriot and a French Admiral by a ferocious foreign usurper. While my dispatch was left unnoticed, unheard of, and perhaps unread, it contained nevertheless some incontrovertible truths which would not have added any lustre to your naval talents, but proved that he, whose incapaciry and ambition alone caused the loss of one French fleet at Aboukir, also occasioned the loss of another at Trafalgar. In my last conversation with you, you owned to me yourself that even were France the unopposed master of all the continent, so long as she could not compel Great Britain to submit to her dictates, her external power must be precarious, her internal state unsettled, her commerce in a state of stagnation, her manufactures depressed, and her inhabitants starved and poor. But what have you done to remedy these certain evils, and to preserve these necessary advantages under your power and tyranny? In a few years only my country and her allies have lost a greater number of men of war than composed the whole royal navy during the long reigns of Louis 14th and 15th, and should she sometime longer, be cursed with the sway of your iron sceptre, her military navy will be on a par with her commercial one, and in her ports will be seen nothing but privateers and beggarly traders. On the other hand, has my country hitherto derived any gain or honour from all your fortunate campaigns? or is she more free under your unlimited authority, overburthened with taxes, and cruelly oppressed by an active relentless military despotism? My selfish countrymen mourn without uttering a sigh at the gradual approach of inevitable ruin, while your relations and courtiers profit from conquest, effected by the purest blood and most valuable treasures of France. But to consider it in a more particular point of view, your usurpations, your devastations, your endowments, your changes, your pacifications, what glory, what advantages can Frenchmen, and what safety can other people derive from them, or from beholding a sanguinary Adventurer, an Emperor, his harlot an Empress, his obscure and wicked brothers, and brothers in law, Kings and Princes, his profligate sisters and niece, Queens and Princesses, and his bagnio accomplices, Dukes, Field-Marshals and Knights? Though you have unchained the prisons, you have been unable to bewilder or deceive the sons of Frenchmen; can therefore 20,000 Austrian and Russian prisoners in France remind one of any thing but the captivity, caused by your provocation and ambition, of more than that number of their countrymen in England. While they see the former return to their homes, must not Frenchmen lament the absence of peace so justly dear to them, but which they must never expect to enjoy again until they are delivered from your tyranny. They are well aware that Great Britain is too wise and too powerful to sign a peace with a man ever conspiring against her independence, and as a pretended friend more dangerous than an avowed enemy, whose olive branches had always been the deceptious sign of a social and political enemy, who offers continual peace during war, and plots and meditates nothing but destruction during peace. By the language of this letter you will easily perceive that its writer is out of the reach of your ferocious vengeance, and no longer fears either your racks or dungeons, your prisons or your tormentors. Your Minister's order to me not to approach the capital without further permission from you, has again put off the period of your punishment, and the deliverance of mankind from their scourge. Resolved not to survive the ruin of the French navy, I meditated on dispatching you before I perished myself, for having been your tool, to the disgrace of my honour, of my duty, of my birth, & my profession; & that you are still among the living is therefore, another evidence of a blind and unjust fortune that still attends your barbarous train. Depend upon it, however, (and the vast enormities of your numerous crimes, must convince you of its truth,) that as you have lived the greatest criminal, your end must be untimely and terrible. The assassin or executioner shall finish the career of a tyrant whom to the shame of humanity the age has so long endured. That a virtuous posterity that might blame a part of my public lief, may not be ignorant of this serious repentance, and the patriotic sentiments that accompanied my death, copies of this letter will be exhibited in all the French naval stations, whatever your folly may flatter you to the contrary. Had my poniard pierced your bosom, not only the present generation, but ages to come would have hailed me as a deliverer, and revered me as a Saviour. Altars as well as statues would have been erected to my memory. Tremble tyrant! you live abhorred & you will expire with the curses of the universe following you even to the other side of the grave. "VILLENEUVE."

The Englishman 20th February.

AMERICAN PAPERS.

We have already expressed our ideas relative to the probability of an early acquisition to the United States, by conquest of both the Canadas. They may prove erroneous. We may not obtain possession of these teritories in the next summer. But eventually they must be our's; and it is worth while to inquire into their value, and the means of holding them after they fall into our power. The value of the acquisition has been questioned, and indeed vociferously denied on the floor of Congress, on election grounds and elsewhere. Here is an ample field of observation to the Statesman and Philosopher, whom we invite to explore it; but, fortunately for us, it is equally open to the view of the common observer, in which capacity we will venture but a few remarks.

The two Canadas embrace and command the outlet and entrance, whilst they share the whole extent of one of the two great waters of North America—a water of itself equal in magnitude to the Rhine, the Volga, or the Danube, and in importance when viewed in connexion with the Mississippi, the Great Southern outlet is equal to all these mighty rivers of Europe put together. Our readers will realize our ideas of its importance, when they reflect, that the St. Lawrence and its waters alone, form the natural channel of export and import of a country, of sufficient extent and fertility to support a population of ten millions or more. Recently this majestic water bore, upon its bosom and upon our border, the exclusive power of Great Britain. All nations are liable to the storms of war, and particularly nations with each other whose territories are contiguous. Could we, then, in our right reason, expect long to remain in peace with a nation holding a sway on our border, which experience has proved to be vexatious, and commanding an outlet to the sea, the possession of which was so highly important to our northern territory? Canada must some time or other have belonged to the United States, or some of our Northern states at least must have belonged to Canada. The longer delayed, the more difficult would have been its acquisition. Since then our enemy forced us to war, and compelled us to territorial reprisals for her oceanic outrages, and still persists in refusing a recognition of our violated rights, we trust our readers will generally agree with us, that, the Canadas once ours, they shall be, as those states have been, for ever divorced from British sovereignty. Their conquest was in vain attempted by the heroes of the revolution, when fighting in defence of their rights. Their descendants have now attempted it, and in the event of success, which we will not doubt, will have achieved the designs which their fathers had the will but not the power to carry into execution.

As to the means we have of holding these possessions in defiance of Great Britain, the advantages we possess are, in our view, peculiarly striking. Every enterprize on her part against us must at once be attended with no little hazard, great expence, and utter uncertainty as to the issue. Hazard, in the great distance and stormy seas to be encountered in every outfit either from Great Britain or any of her possessions: excessive expence from the same circumstances, as well as from the total ignorance to what extent she must go to produce any affect; and utter uncertainty as to the issue, of rather an absolute certainty that every measure must be altogether inefficient and abortive, because it is impossible that any armament of sufficient magnitude to authorise the remotest hope of its efficacy, against Quebec in our hands, can be sent thither without our government obtaining a knowledge of it in time to meet it with a greater. The measures of the enemy must be begun and finished within the space of five months in each year at a remote distance; whilst we have twelve months in which to counteract them in our immediate vicinity, and with the greatest facility. In short, we shall have possession, which in war, as well as the laws, throws the burthen of demonstration and attack upon our adversary, and places us literally on the 'vantage grounds.

From natural causes, perhaps, no single position in the known world so effectually guards

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the only entrance from the sea to a country of equal extent, as does Quebec the whole country drained by the St. Lawrence. Whilst, from similar causes, there is probably no one point in any country at which the resources of all its may parts be so easily and speedily concentrated. And, when the distances to the various quarters whence they may be so collected are considered, there is nothing of the kind in any country to bear a comparison. We are informed by a Correspondent, whose means of information are abundant, and intelligence and veracity unquestionable, that some few improvements of trifling magnitude and no difficulty in French Creek, and the entrance of Presqu' isle Bay, are alone necessary to the transportation of almost any quantity (say a thousand tons) from the River Ohio at Pittsburgh, to any point on the St. Lawrence, in twenty-five days, at one dollar or less per hundred weight. At Pittsburgh, supplies are abundant and various, at the lowest rates: flour, for instance, at three to four dollars per barrel, and generally other articles in proportion, and in almost inexhaustless quantities. From the extensive and populous countries on both shores of Lake Ontario, we are informed a similar quantity may be transported in ten days at a third of a dollar per cwt.—but the first cost, though moderate, something higher than at Pittsburgh. From the North river, where may be collected more than one third of the produce of the United States, transportation to the St. Lawrence may be had for 50 cent per cwt, and the rout performed in from five to ten days.

From each of these great sections of country, troops may be moved with equal ease and celerity, and from Pittsburgh much more speedily than heavy stores can be transported, these requiring, by a river navigation, from fifteen to twenty days, where troops would march by land only 136 miles. It must then be evident, that 100,000 troops, if necessary; with such provident arrangements as are to be expected from our government, might on any emergency be collected on the St. Lawrence in a few weeks. By a state of preparation to resort to the use of means so abundant, the necessity for their use will be greatly diminished. The expence of holding Quebec, and this is to hold the the Canadas against foreign invasion, may be thus reduced to a great system and a moderate scale.

We have already shewn that post to be within our grasp. Various chances and vast advantges unite in our favour, and against the enemy, there is every excitement to the utmost exertion; and on our own exertions and united effort alone depends the time (beyond the 10th June next) when it shall be ours.—*(National Intelligencer, Nov. 6.)* *(Chronicle January 19th.)*

THEATRICALS.

DRURY-LANE—Mr. KEAN (of whom report had spoken highly) made his appearance at this Theatre in the character of *Shylock*. For voice, eye, action, and expression, no actor has come out for many years at all equal to him. The applause, from the first scene to the last, was general, loud, and uninterrupted. Indeed, the very first scene in which he comes on with *Bassanio* and *Anthonio*, shewed the master in his art, and at once decided the opinion of the audience. Perhaps it was the most perfect of any. Notwithstanding the complete success of Mr. KEAN in the part of *Shylock*, we question whether he will not become a greater favourite in other parts. There was a lightness and vigour in his tread, a buoyancy and elasticity of spirit, a fire and animation, which would accord better with almost any other character than with the morose, sullen, inward, inveterate, inflexible malignity of *Shylock*. The character of *Shylock* is that of a man brooding over one idea, that of its wrongs, and bent on one unalterable purpose, that of revenge. In conveying a profound impression of this feeling, or in embodying the general conception of rigid and uncontroulable self-will, equally proof against every sentiment of humanity or prejudice of opinion, we have seen actors more successful than Mr. KEAN. But in giving effect to the conflict of passions arising out of the contrast of situation, in varied vehemence of declamation, in keenness of sarcasm, in the rapidity of his transitions from one tone and feeling to another, in propriety and novelty of action, presenting a succession of striking pictures, and giving perpetually fresh shocks of delight and surprise—it would be difficult to single out a competitor. The fault of his acting was (if we may hazard the objection), an over-display of the resources of the art, which gave too much relief to the hard, impenetrable, dark ground-work of the character of *Shylock*. It would be endless to point out individual beauties, where almost every passage was received with equal and deserved applause. We thought, in one or two instances, the pauses in the voice were too long, and too great a reliance placed on the expression of the countenance, which is a language intelligible only to a part of the house. The rest of the play was, upon the whole very respectably cast. It would be an equivocal compliment to say, of Miss SMITH, that her acting often reminds us of Mrs. SIDDONS. RAE played *Bassanio*; but the abrupt and harsh tones of his voice are not well adapted to the mellifluous cadences of SHAKESPEAR's verse.

It generally happens, when expectation is raised to an unusual height, that the result is disappointment. So much has been said respecting Mr. Kean, who last Wednesday night made his *debut* at Drury-lane Theatre, that it required no ordinary degree of merit to keep pace with the encomiums which had been so liberally bestowed upon him. Mr. Kean's figure, which is below the middle height, appears on the first view to preclude success in the higher walks of the Drama; but to this objection it may always be fairly urged that Garrick was great under the same impediment. In the character of *Shylock*, few persons perhaps were aware of this defect in Mr. Kean; and certainly lofty stature is not necessary to a correct and energetic delineation of passion or feeling. Amongst the numerous candidates for public favour who have been brought forward this season, there is no one, excepting Miss Stephens, who has given so fair a promise of obtaining it as Mr. Kean. His performance was distinguished by characteristics which at once fix him in the first rank of his profession: his voice is powerful and flexible, and excepting when strongly exerted, melodious and distinct. In his scene with *Tubal* in the 3d act he was too violent, a fault easily remedied, and doubtless arising from unacquaintance with the auditory in which he was speaking. It is easier to retrench redundance than to supply deficiency; and we have no doubt, that when Mr. Kean repeats the character, he will have profited by the experience of Wednesday night, and pitch his voice with better skill. He evinced throughout the part a perfect knowledge of the stage and his *bye-play* was remarkably good and drew forth applause repeatedly, even when he was silent. His face is good, and his eye and eye-brow singularly expressive. Several original touches were noticed with much applause by the audience, and when he left the stage the cheers and plaudits were long continued and vehemently expressed.

DRURY LANE THEATRE——Mr. KEAN appeared again in *Shylock*, and by his admirable and expressive manner of giving the part, fully sustained the reputation he had acquired by his former representation of it, though he laboured under the disadvantage of a considerable hoarseness. He assumed a greater appearance of age and feebleness than on the first night, but the general merit of his playing was the same. His style of acting is, if we may use the expression, more significant, more pregnant with meaning, more varied and alive in every part, than any we have almost ever witnessed. The character never stands still; there is no vacant pause in the action; the eye is never silent. For depth and force of conception we have seen actors whom we should prefer to Mr. Kean in *Shylock*; for brilliant and masterly execution, none. It is not saying too much of him, though it is saying a great deal—that he has all Mr. Kemble *wants* of perfection. He reminds us of the descriptions of the "far-darting eye" of Garrick. We are anxious to see him in *Norval* and *Richard*, and anticipate more complete satisfaction in his performance of the latter part than in the one in which he has already stamped his reputation with the public. Miss Smith played *Portia* with much more animation than the last time we saw her, (and in delivering the fine apostrophe on Mercy in the trial-scene was highly impressive.

MR. KEAN'S RICHARD.—His manner of acting this part has one peculiar advantage, it is entirely his own, without any trace of any other actor, except where his ear had caught in passages the tone of the late Mr. Cook. He stands upon his own ground, and he stands firm upon it. Almost every scene had the stamp and freshness of nature. The excellencies and defects of his performance were in general the same as those which he discovered in *Shylock*; though, as the character of *Richard* is the most difficult, so we think he displayed most power in it. It is possible to form a higher conception of this character (we do not mean from seeing other actors, but from reading SHAKESPEAR) than that given by this very admirable tragedian; but we cannot imagine any character represented with greater distinctness and precision, more perfectly *articulated* in every part. Perhaps, indeed, there is to much of this; for we sometimes thought he failed, even from an exuberance of talent, and dissipated the impression of the character by the variety of his resources. To be perfect, it should have a little more solidity, depth, sustained, and impassioned feeling, with somewhat less brilliancy, with fewer glancing lights, pointed transitions, and pantomimic evolutions.

The *Richard* of SHAKESPEAR is towering and lofty, as well as aspiring; equally impetuous and commanding; haughty, violent, and subtle; bold and treacherous; confident in his strength as well as in his cunning; raised high by his birth, and higher by his genius and his crimes; a royal usurper, a princely hypocrite, a tyrant, and a murderer of the house of Plantagenet.

"But I was born so high;
"Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
"And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun,"

The idea conveyed in these lines (which are omitted in the miserable medley acted for *Richard III.*) is never lost sight of by SHAKESPEAR, and should not be out of the actor's mind for a moment. The restless and sanguinary RICHARD is not a man striving to be great, but to be greater than he is; conscious of his strength of will, his powers of intellect, his daring courage, his elevated station, and making use of these advantages, as giving him both the means and the pretext to commit unheard of crimes, and to shield himself from remorse and infamy.

If Mr. KEAN does not completely succeed in concentrating all the lires of the character, as drawn by SHAKESPEAR, he gives an animation, vigour, and relief to the part, which we have never seen surpassed. He is more refined than COOKE; more bold, varied, and original than KEMBLE in the same character. In some parts, however, we thought him deficient in dignity, and particularly in the scenes of state business there was not a sufficient air of artificial authority. The fine assumption of condescending superiority, after he is made king—"Stand all apart—*Cousin of Buckingham*," &c. was not given with the effect which it might have received. There was also at times a sort of tip-toe elevation, an enthusiastic rapture in his expectations of attaining the crown, instead of a gloating expression of sullen delight; as if he already clutched the bauble, and held it within his grasp. This was the precise expression which Mr. KEAN gave with so much effect to the part where he says, he already feels.

"The golden rigol bind his brows".

In one who *dares* so much, there is little indeed to blame. The only two things which appeared to us decidedly objectionable were the sudden letting down of his voice when he says of *Hastings*, "chop off his head," and the action of putting his hands behind him, in listening to *Buckingham's* account of his reception by the citizens. His courtship scene with *Lady Anne* was an admirable exhibition of smooth and smiling villainy. The progress of wily adulation, of encroaching humility was finely marked throughout by the action, voice and eye. He seemed like the first tempter, to approach his prey, certain of the event, and as if success had smoothed the way before him. We remember Mr. COOK's manner representing this scene was more violent, hurried, and full of anxious uncertainty. This, though more natural in general, was, we think, less in character. *Richard* should woo not as a lover, but as an actor—to shew his mental superiority and power to make others the playthings of his will. Mr. KEAN's attitude in leaning against the side of the stage before he comes forward in this scene was one of the most graceful and striking we remember to have seen. It would have done for Titian to paint. The opening scene in which *Richard* descants on his own deformity was conceived with perfect truth and character, and delivered in a fine and varied tone of natural recitation. Mr. KEAN did equal justice to the beautiful description of the camps the night before the battle, though in consequence of his hoarseness, he was obliged to repeat the whole passage in an under key. His manner of bidding his friends goods night, and his pausing with the point of his sword, drawn slowly backward and forward on the ground, before he retires to his tent, received shouts of applause. He gave to all the busy part of the play the greatest animation and effect. He filled every part of the stage. The concluding scene in which he is killed by *Richmond* was the most brilliant. He fought like one drunk with wounds: and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is taken from him, had a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had power to kill. His fall, however, was too rapid. Nothing but a sword passed through the heart could occasion such a fall. With his innate spirit of *Richard* he would struggle with his fate to the last moment of ebbing life. But on the whole the performance was the most perfect of any thing that has been witnessed since the days of Garrick.

The play was got up with great skill. The scenes were all painted with strict regard to historic truth. There had evidently been research as to identity of place, for the views of the Tower, of Crosby House, &c. were, in the eye of the best judges, considered as faithful representations according to the descriptions handed down to us.

The cast of the play was also good. Green-room report says that Miss SMITH refused the part of the *Queen*, as not great enough *forsooth* for her superior talents although Mr. SIDDONS, Mrs. POPE,, Mrs. CRAUFURD and others felt it to their honour to display their powers in the character. In the present case the absence of Miss SMITH was not a misfortune, for Mrs. GLOVER gave to the fine scene with her children, a force and feeling that drew from the audience the most sympathetic testimonies of applause. Miss. BOYCE made a very interesting and elegant representative of *Lady Anne*.

We sincerely congratulate the public on the great accession to the theatrical art whsch they have obtained in the talents of Mr. KEAN. The experience of Saturday night convinces us that he acts from his own mental resources, and that he has organs to give effect to his comprehension of character. We never saw such admirable use made of the eye, of the lip, and generally of the muscles. We could judge of what he would have been if his voice had been clear from hoarseness; and we trust he will not repeat the difficult part till he has overcome his cold.

We understand, he is shortly to appear in *Don John in The Chances*. We know no character so exactly suited to his powers.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Yesterday a full council of the Royal Academicians was assembled, when the speech to be delivered by the President, at the ensuing distribution of the Prizes, was finally determined upon. We are happy in having it in our power to indulge the public with the following, which we have every reason to believe is a true copy. —N. B. There are about twenty candidates for the principal prize.

"GENTLEMEN,—(to be addressed to the council)—Custom demands that on this solemn occasion of presenting to the successful Students in the various classes to which their studies have been directed, the prizes which your judgment has awarded them, I should say a few words to assist their further efforts, to explain the nature of the professional engagements they have taken upon themeselves, to warn them against a too sanguine expectation of ultimate success, and to prepare their minds by this early caution from sinking under the weight of despair, or feeling too keenly the sharp edge of neglect and poverty. Gentlemen, to the late worthy and able President we are indebted for a series of discourses delivered from this Chair, which would, had he never touched a pencil, have handed his name down to posterity with honour; but Gentlemen, to me those discourses appear ill suited to their end; they profess, indeed, to teach the youth to become an artist; they take for a basis, that industry and talent will make him such, and they suppose that then he will *find employ*. Here he appears to me to have judged solely from his own individual care and profession as a *portrait painter*, and not to have looked beyond the range of his own study, nor have indulged himself a further reading, than the audit of his own banker's account. His particular line of study rendered him insufficient judge of the hardships to be borne—of the difficulties to be surmounted; and I have felt the necessity of saying this much to you, Gentlemen, before I advance what I am now going to say to the students.—My long exertions in the line which it has hitherto been the particular object of this Institution to recommend, gives me the advantage of great personal experience, and ought to insure me the Students' most earnest attention.

"Students,—I am almost at a loss for words to express the feelings which assail me, in witnessing your efforts towards becoming rivals of those great names with which it is the character of these times to compare every production of modern art; but particularly to you, Gentlemen, who have this day received the rewards of those exertions, I feel even more at a loss for expression. It is but little necessary for me to urge you further, by holding up to you the prospect of higher honours; I see in your attempts every thing that enthusiasm could wish, every thing that the most plodding could exact from industry, and that the most sanguine could hope for, from your early years. As you have probably read and heated your imaginations with accounts of the competence and respect enjoyed by the great artists of Greece and Rome, I will not dwell upon those points, so wounding to the feelings of an artist of our days; but leaving the Apellises, the Polygnotuses, the Phidiases, the Leonardi da Vinces, the Raphaels, the Rubinses, and the Vandykes to the enjoyment of their riches and honours, and to the company of the Princes and Nobles who patronized them, I shall endeavour to force upon your minds more healthful truths, and to prevent as much of your future misery as lies in my power.—I must first take a view of the patronage to which you are heirs, and after that I shall conclude with a few general heads of advice, which if you will condescend to follow, you may at least feed; but which, if you do not, you will take the peril on your own shoulders, and leave me the sad task of witnessing, without taking blame to myself, your ultimate distresses.—Gentlemen, your Government renounces you, your religion discards you, and in domestic life the upholsterers become your but too successful rivals. Your country renounces you, for, instead of employing your talents on the walls of public buildings, instead of handing down to posterity the actions of their good and great men by your able assistance, instead of allowing to the support of a few professors a pittance (as comparatively it would be, though ample for its purpose,) the art is left to support itself, to enter into competition for its existence with the exhibition of the Indian Jugglers and Pidcock's Elephant, or by individual speculation alone, to survive its many and various attacks. Your religion wars against you by the almost entire expulsion of your works from its temples. Alas! on how insecure a foundation must they think that the reformation stands, which it is probable, would be shaken by admitting into the churches a few pictures of Christ and his Apostles every where doing good.

"The upholsterers tell their customers, and their customers assert, that pictures will not light up well, and thus are they proscribed for sattin papers, and gold borders. Do I speak truth, gentlemen? again I appeal to the gentlemen in the chairs—do I *not* speak truth? we have one source, however, from whence there seems likely to flow some small portion of patronage, which may so far entrap your inexperience as to plunge you into difficulties from which no mortal hand will extricate you.

"I know not how to designate that institution which has lately been formed, for the avowed purpose of promoting the fine arts; but my purpose in alluding to it is to warn you from its smiles, and to intreat you to regard the sunshine—it may for a moment play upon you, as the uncertain gleam of a December day. Its means

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can do little, and that little it will do uncomfortably. It offers premiums. These can only be contended for by youths—these can offer no certainty to exertion, can provide no regular means of liberal expenditure. What I have here said contains nothing but what the experience of every one who has endeavoured to succeed as an historical painter will suggest, it advances nothing but what I have myself felt; and though now, when nearly seventy winter have passed over my head, a short burst summer has entwined my gray hairs yet this has been hardly earned, and is now obtained when the powers of enjoyment are nearly fled. This country, gentlemen (remember it!) this country, out of the numbers who have been here educated for historical painters, has given the means of continuing their professional studies in the line to which they were originally directed—to me alone; this country and this Government, which is every day sounded by its panegyrists as the most enlightened, the most liberal, and the most elegant among nations, has given, since its revival from utter ignorance and barbarism, the means of life *to one*, to one historical painter *only*. Where are those students gone, who have annually pressed forwards with their early attempts to embody the sublimity of Scriptural learning, or the elegance of Milton and Shakespeare, not one, alas! has been seen to ripen and answer to his early promise. This review is melancholy, gentlemen, but 'tis true, and he who uses to you a different language, under existing circumstances, should be answerable for the hopes he creates, and deserves himself to feel the miseries he must bring upon you. I have now to fulfil the second part of my promise to you, that is, to give you some advice for your future conduct. To you, Sir, who have so ably executed the subject of our selection, and who have received the highest, and indeed the only reward we have to bestow, I would say, become immediately a portrait painter. Do not shrink at the idea, to it you must come, sooner or later, and the sooner the better. The experience of the past must assure you that nothing can be expected from public employ, and if private patronage assist you it will be with an offer to sit for a portrait. And the studies are so different as to be almost incompatible. To you gentlemen, in the next rank of excellence, I would say, hasten to the shop of the principal paper-hangers, turn your attention to decoration, and the enriching of ceilings and boudoirs, and all of you, in one word, renounce the idea of educating yourselves for historical painters, but if you must now be artists, do it in the full spirit of trade; for by that alone shall you be enabled to live.

I am now called upon to address you, gentlemen, who have exhibited so much ability as sculptors. Here the field is more promising. While the war lasts, there will be officers killed and you all will have a chance in the scramble for the monuments which parliament votes. By these you will many of you get an ample livelihood, let me therefore intreat you, when you shall arrive at a time of life to share in these good things, that you exert yourselves to the utmost, remembering that although your works may be placed in an obscure corner of Westminster Abbey, to be seldom seen, but by those who go there after they have visited the lions in the Tower, and Mrs. Salmon's wax-work, yet may they occasionally be seen by men of taste; but, above all things, respect your own feelings, and do that well for which you are well paid. I could wish that these posthumous honours where otherwise disposed of than in these cold cathedrals, but with that I have little to do. Athens is said to have contained several thousand statues, which were placed in the open air thereby inculcating in the people a taste for true beauty and elegance. Might not our public places be so enriched? but here we have only three or four statues of any consequence publicly exibited, unless those which disgrace some of our squares, with truncheons in their hands, and cocked hats on their heads, may be so denominated. The contrary example has been set by the admirably placed statue of the Duke of Bedford, by Westmacott, in Russell-square, and will, I hope, be followed.

"Gentlemen—I have trespassed long on your attention, but I could not, consistently with my feelings, say less; my motives are pure; my advice from the heart; I am too old to dread a rival in any of the youths before me, and I wish them success in whatever line they may embrace."

ON THE NON-RESIDENCE OF THE CLERGY, &c.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

Having been some distance from town, I did not see the letter of Amicus Ecclesiæ on the above subject, till last night, when in looking over my file of your papers, I observed it inserted on the 30th ult. From the impartiality you have hitherto evinced, I trust you will allow me to prove to your Correspondent and the Public, that the statement of the number of small livings is erroneous. He states (but gives no authority for it), that of the livings so mentioned in Burn's Ecclesiastical Law, the condition is not much better than it was when the account he mentions was taken, which was in 1714. Amicus Ecclesiæ asserts, that there were 5597 livings under 50l. per annum, and that the same livings, upon an average, do not now exceed 80l. per annum, also that there are 2000 other livings which do not exceed 100l. per annum. By the account of all benefices in England and Wales, under 150l. per annum, taken in 1808, which was printed by order of the House of Lords, and is now before me, instead of 5597. there were only 1061 returned not exceeding 50l.! (including many introduced by art and management that are not fit objects of the bounty) and the whole number of livings of every value under 150l. per annum was then 3,998. Your Correspondent has omitted to accompany his representation with the fact, that since 1808 FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS of public money has been given to augment these small livings, which must necessarily have increased the heavy burthens on the people of this country, and which, in this particular, ought to fall on the wealthy clergy, and not on the national funds, at a time when every other class of persons are suffering privations and distress. Yet all this might be conceded if the service of the established church was better or more duly performed, but this is not the case, the system of evasion has risen to an alarming height, and even men who by their *offices* ought to be the foremost in *repressing or exposing* any *deception* attempted to be practised on the diocesans, are *themselves* guilty of the most flagrant misrepresentations and contempt of the laws; while their curates and those of other opulent incumbents and pluralists of *three, four, five, six*, or *seven* benifices and dignities have remained unlicenced, in some instances, because the incumbent was ashamed of the small stipend he allowed out of his large income to a man every way his superior, except in the gifts of fortune and in others, because the state of dependance in which the curates were thus placed, was flattering to the vanity of their rector or vicar, who in consequence, had it in their power to dismiss them the same as they would a menial servant. Indeed such is the dislike of these persons to place their curates in a more independent situation, that the Curate's Act, so laudably brought forward last Session, remains in most dioceses unattended to, although the bishops are now so stimulated by this *beginning* of what I *intend* to do, that they are sending circular letters in all directions from their secretaries and even chaplains. The period is fast approaching when the inattention of the incumbents (in consequence of a strange fatality which has attended this Act as well as some others of late) will be productive of more serious events than any preceding. Probably other *unconstitutional* applications may be suggested by *combinations* to obtain fresh *ex post facto* laws.

Pluralists are certainly the great causes of non-residence, and exist to a very shameful extent, to which the facility of obtaining dispensations do not a little contribute; in one diocese there are about 216 clergy who each hold *two* livings; 40 who hold *three* each; 13 who hold *four* each; 1 who holds *five* & 1 who holds *six*, beside dignities and offices, and although many of these thus accounted as single benifices, are *two, three, four*, or *five* parishes consolidated; yet great part of these pluralists do not reside on any of their preferments.

Facts will ever produce conviction, and the following statement of one small diocese, of which I have with infinite trouble, collected the particulars for every parish, except four from *authentic* sources, will prove the necessity of some serious enquiry as to the performance of those sacred duties, for which such large sums are paid out of the labours of the industrious.

In 1728,	In 1813.
On 140 *Livings*-70 Resident Incumbents.	*On the same* 140 *Livings*-85 Resident Incumbents.
35 who resided near & performed the duty.	17 who reside near & perform the duty.
31 Curates who resided in the parish or near it.	35 Curates, some of whom reside 7, 8, 10, or 12 miles off.
The population was 56,944 souls.	The population is 82, 176 souls.
The duty was performed 261 times every Sunday.	The service is performed about 185 times every Sunday.
And their income was 12,719l. per annum.	And their income is now 61,474l. per annum. *

With your leave I will renew the subject in a few days, and in future letters offer some facts & observations on dispensations, licences for ill health, and unfitness or want of parsons houses, the *compulsory* measures that *may* be adopted as to building parsonage houses, and probably I may point out some maters of *importance* as to tithes. I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,
W. WRIGHT.

Office, No. 6, Bridge-court, Westminster,
Jan. 18, 1814.

* The Income of one Living in this Diocese was, in 1728, 800l. per annum, and it is now 12,000l. per annum.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR.

I have singular pleasure in being able to hand you a copy of the letter from the M—s—ss of H—TF—D, accompanying the botanical present to the Ex-Empress JOSEPHINE, of which so much has lately been said in the public papers. For this interesting communication I am indebted to Mr. GOLDSMITH, of *The Anti-Gallican*, and I can assure you that it is not a whit less authentic than the many other disclosures of which his paper has been made the vehicle.

I am, Your's, &c.
BOTANICUS.

(COPY). Manchester-square.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MADAM.

Conformably to your request, I have the honour of transmitting you an assortment of our most striking botanical curiosities of the vegetable, flower, and plant species. For this purpose I have not only drawn from my own collection, but have laid under contribution those of the most eminent persons in this country, so that I hope the *tout-ensemble* will afford you a full specimen of our various natural productions, and meet your entire approbation. I should have had sincere pleasure in complying with your urgent demands for *Laurel*, of which you say there is so great a dearth in France at this moment, that his Imperial Majesty has been unable to collect a single sprig; but all the genuine growth of this country has been lately monopolised by the Marquis of Wellington, and, as he is probably 'ere this in the immediate vicinity of Paris, I must refer you to him for a supply.

I send you a *Crown Imperial*, of which you must be particularly careful in French soil at this changeable season, else it will be very apt to tumble from the stalk, and be replaced by a *Fleur de Lis de Bourbon*.

As to our *Roses*, they are all so fond of sticking to their places, that they will not bear transplanting; none of them, however, are of the blushing sort;—the principal is the *Bog*, or *Full-blown Cabbage Rose*, which thrives best amid the rankest corruption. Our *Bachelor's Buttons*, too, are so eagerly sought to be plucked by the maids of honour, and other spinsters, that I have not been able to procure any. I would gladly supply you with some *Heart's Ease*, but I have lately lost all mine:—of *Rue*, however, my stock increases daily.

The R——t, having always kept his pleasure garden well stocked, has been enabled to make you some valuable offerings, but he cannot supply you any plants of the *Poplar* kind, as all that he once possessed have lately withered away. They flourish, however, with great luxuriance about a residence at Blackheath, where, by an intermixture with the plant *Honesty*, they have lately formed an effectual fence even against the attempts of conspirators. His Royal Highness gave orders for packing up a *Devil in a Bush*, and, in a bisquit basket of his own invention, you will find some withered *Love Apples*, adorned with flowers of the *Coxcomb*, *Love in Idleness*, *French Bean*, and various exotics. He is by no means partial to *Green plants*, but rather prefers *Elders*; and of the various kinds of *Peas*, appears most attached to the *Marrowfat* and *Everlasting*. I am particularly charged to express his regret that he cannot send you any *Thyme*, as he has lost all his, and it is now too late to recover it.

From the P——SS of W—s, I am commissioned to transmit you some samples of the *Balm and Balsam*, from which she has experienced very great relief.—In a late violent attack, brought on by a deadly compound of *Nightshade*, *Hemlock*, *Dogstooth*, *Dragons*, *Rats bane*, *Stinging Nettles*, and other poisonous plants, mixed up with the *Prince's Feather*; she derived great benefit from the use of *Broom* of which she sends you some slips to serve in case of need.

I have it in command from the P——SS CH——E of W—s, to desire your acceptance of some *Beet Root*, with some seedlings of a *Passion Flower* just now coming out—and which generally gives more than one *blow* in a season. Attempts are making to engraft this flower upon the *Orange Tree*.

The Lord Chancellor humbly begs to present to you the trunk of an old *Sloe Tree*, from which several branches of *Weeping Willow* spontaneously shoot. He cannot undertake to pronounce an opinion on this *Lusus Naturæ*, but will take the papers home with him that have been written on the subject, and will give you his judgment by the next opportunity.

Mr. C—k—r of the Admiralty' respectfully offers a specimen of a remarkably quick shooting *Mushroom*, together with some *Creepers* which, in congenial situations, quickly change to *Climbers* of the *Iris* species. His contributions would have been larger, but having been seized by mistake by the Society "For superceding the necessity of Climbing Boys," he has not had leisure to attend to my request.

Mr. Whitbread presents you with a sample of the real British *Heart of Oak* together with two or three specimens of the *Medlar*.

From Sir V—y—G—s I have received a large assortment of shoots from the *Crab Tree*, *Snapdragon*, *Rue*, *Wormwood*, and *Bitter Almonds*.

Without in any way committing himself, Mr. C—n—g feels himself at liberty to offer you a plant of *Jesuit's Bark*, raised originally from rubbish, in the shelter of a *Pit*, together with some seeds of the *Heliotrope*, which has the constant property of turning to the rising sun. He would have forwarded you some *Alder* for Popguns, but the only shoot he ever had was presented some time ago to L—Castlereagh, and the *Alder*-men in this City offer nothing but a spurious kind, which is generally swoln and puffy about the trunk, while the head is apt to be weak, sappy, and hollow, without the least pith.

The specimen of an old *succulent Plant*, is presented by Mr. Sheridan as well as some blossoms of the Vine, to which he is so partial that he is in the constant habit of carrying its *Calex* or *Cup* in his hand, which for some years past has made his *Nose-gay*.

From Mr. Southey I have to forward you a sprig of *Bays* rather blighted by having been removed to an uncongenial court at the west end of the town, but he has used all his *Poppies* while writing his *Carmen Triumphale*.

Some seeds of the *Numscull*, and a few cuttings of the goose—berry, the fruit of which makes a capital fool, are all that I have been able to procure from Dr.—B——

Such, Madam, is a list of the articles which I convey to you by this oportunity, and should any others, worthy your acceptance, be hereafter presented to me I shall be proud to add them to your collection. In the mean time, and always, I have the honour to be,

Most illustrious Madam, &c. &c. &c.

POETRY.

The following lines, which have not appeared in any edition of their author's works, are attributed to Robert Burns, the Ayrshire ploughman, and written on a marble sideboard, in the hermitage belonging to the Duke of Athol, in the wood of Aberfeldy. This romantic retreat, excavated from a solid rock, completely covered with ivy, is situated in a deep ravine, fronting a celebrated cascade, which is naturally described in the following verse of an old Scottish song:—

"The hoary cliffs are crown'd with flowers,
White o'er rocks the streamlet pours,
And rising wets, with misty showers,
The birks of Aberfeldy."

We do not believe that the verses are the composition of Burns.

Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear.

That, with remorse, a conscience bleeding
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours;
Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers;
For well I saw in halls and towers,
That lust and pride,

The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrusted?
I saw that honour's sword was rusted;
That few for aught but folly lusted;
That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend;

And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing,
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing,
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
My simple food;

But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in
A palace, and with thoughts still soaring
To God on high,
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh:

"Let me, O Lord from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorseless throb, or loose desire;
And when I die,

Let me in this belief expire,—
To God I fly."

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet,
Thou, haply, throw'st a scornful eye at
The Hermit's prayer;
But if thou hast a cause to sigh at,
Thy fault or care;

If thou hast known false love's vexation
Or hast been exil'd from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine,
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine!

(*Morn. Chro.*)

A MODERN RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Happy the FRISEUR who in DELIA's hair
With licenc'd fingers uncontroul'd may rove,
And happy in his death the DANCING BEAR,
Who died to make pomatum for my LOVE.

Last night as o'er the page of Love's despair,
My DELIA bent deliciously to grieve!
I stood a treacherous loiterer by her chair,
And drew the FATAL SCISSARS from my sleeve.

And would that at that instant o'er my thread
The SHEARS of ATROPOS had opened then;
And as I reft the lock from DELIA's head,
Had cut me sudden from the sons of men!

She heard the scissars that fair Lock divide,
And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury frown on me, and cried,
'You stupid puppy, you have spoil'd my WIG.

NIM.

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